THE
SEA FIGHT.

COME all you young Seamen that to the Seas belong,
I'll tell you of a Sea Fight before it is long;
Its of the Britiſh Aquelon that Ship of warlike Fame,
Commanded by the brave Captain Ogle by Name.
Sing what Cheer ho!

The 16th of December, brave Boys we ſet Sail,
We left Plymouth Sound with a ſweet and pleaſant Gale;
We ſteer'd to the Weſtward in hopes for to meet,
The French and oblige them for to ſtrik or retreat.
Sing what Cheer ho!

The 17th of December, our Rigging being new,
We loſt our Main topmaſt and ſplit our Top in two;
It was at Nine at Night, the Billows loud did roar,
The Seas ſeem'd on fire, the Rain down on us did pour.
Sing what Cheer ho!

The 18th of December, being Sunday Morning,
We then ſaw a Fleet ſtanding right athwart our Stern;
We about Ship directly not knowing what they were,
They prov'd Men of War belonging to Monſieur.
Sing what Cheer ho!

They had ſeventeen Sail of the Line and no more,
Two Admirals commanded beſides a Commodore;
For want of our Main topmaſt, and Squalls they blew hard
We loſt our Mizen topmaſt and ſprung our cragic Yard.
Sing what Cheer ho!

We fought theſe haughty Frenchmen, 5 Glaſſes and more,
We fought them ſo boldly till we paid off our Score;
We gave them a Drubbing which made them run away,
And firing ſignal Guns in great Diſtreſs we lay.
Sing what Cheer ho!

The Admiral ſeeing that we did them defeat,
He hove out a ſignal to fall into the Fleet;
The Commodore of Eighty-four lay athwart our Peek,
She pour'd a Broadſide the Aquelon for to take.
Sing what Cheer ho!

Now my brave Boys to Portſmouth we are bound,
We will toſs off our Cans all Sorrows for to drown'd,
And when we come on Shore we ſpend our Money free,
Each Lad with a Can of Grog and his Laſs on his Knee.
Sing what Cheer ho!

Sold by S. Summerſide, No. 58, White Chapel, Liverpool.